

Loss and Hatred

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Summary: A bit of a sad, and tragic short story of two Protoss templar in love. Revised. Rated P-13 because of violence.

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Sitting there, silent, in shock. In utter disbelief in what had just happened. Moving his four fingered hand gently under her head, Nellar looked into the eyes of his unmoving loved one. Brushing away the nerve cords from her face, he put her form down upon the ground, and begins to scream, cursing everything he ever believed in.

It had happened so swiftly. It was supposed to be a nice, quite little trip for him and his loved one, Kar'niz. The shuttle had landed in one of the more scenic areas of Shakuruas, and let them out there.

The evening sky was beautiful, the moon aglow, not one cloud to block the shine of the universe's stars. Nellar had been walking along side Kar'niz for some time now. They were allowed a break after they're latest mission in keeping an important outpost standing during a heavy terran pirate attack.

"Kar'niz", he had said, rather nervously.

"Yes, Nellar?"

"I have been thinking about our future together, and... well, that is to say."

He couldn't say another word as he reached into his high templar garment to offer a rare crafted khaydarin amulet necklace to her. Instantly, she understood the reason Nellar had asked they'd come

here this night.

"Nellar, I would be happy to spend my life with you!"

Nellar, filled with joy, placed the necklace on her. It was then, however, that this moment of joyed would be shattered.

Before either one could say anything, they felt the forceful winds coming from a terran dropship. Nellar pivoted to face the dropship, watching a small group of marines, and several ghosts run out.

"Move it! C'mon ladies, haul your butts outta there!"

"We're moving! Cut the high-and-mighty attitude. Just 'cause your a ghost, don't mean you can push us around buddy!"

"What was that?!", snarled the ghost, cramming a C-10 rifle in the face of the marine. Nellar decided to see exactly who these terrans were. Ignoring the ghost's treatment to the marine, since he heard that they were normally crude, he walked up to them. He had no idea what faction they were from, and decided to try the direct approach

"Excuse me, but may I ask as to what..."

"IT'S A PROTOSS! FRAG 'EM!"

Instantly, the air was filled with the sounds of gauss rifle fire. Nellar and Kar'niz took shelter behind a large rock, each flinching as bullets bounced off the rock.

"Kar'niz, stay here."

"What are you doing?"

Nellar activated his psi sheilds and stood, making no sound. He then glared at the attacking terrans, and casted a psionic storm. Blue powerful lightning engulf the group of marines, cooking them inside of their power suits, and causing their armor to crack.

Looking down, Nellar offered his hand to his beloved to help her up.

"They are defeated Kar'niz. We need not worry..."

Kar'niz then suddenly pushed Nellar down forcefully.

"My love, what is the meaning of..."

A blast. The sound of a C-10 rifle going off. The ghost uncloaked in front of them, the tip of his weapon curling out smoke like some venomous snake.

"Heheheh. That's one mouthless freak that won't be stopping us anytime soon."

Something inside of Nellar snapped at that moment. He saw Kar'niz on the ground, barely breathing. She didn't get a chance to even activate her sheilds, and the blast from the rifle left a gaping hole

in her stomach. Glancing up at the ghost, Nellar screamed and leapt at him, much to the terran's surprise. He forcefully took the rifle from him, and started to beat him over the head. Even after he fell, Nellar continued to attack him savagely, until he was drained of strength, and blood runned in a continous stream from the terran's head. Then, seeing that what few marines where left barely alive try to flee into the dropship, he leapt at it as it started to lift off. While only a few feet off the ground, it hovered above a cliff. He ripped apart the fuel tanks, using only his bare hands and his raw psionic energies that had consumed him with rage at the moment. Leaping off, he watch the vehicle go down the cliff in a burst of flames, sending the vile murderers to their doom.

Which brings us to here. Holding his beloved in his lap, Nellar looks into her darkening eyes.

"Nell... Nellar, my love..."

"Kar'niz, it shall be alright soon! I'll send for our shuttle, I'll..."

"Nellar, please stop. We both know..."

Nellar looked sadly at his love.

"Nellar, do not allow them to place me into a Dragoon. I... I don't think I could live without being able to feel your touch..."

"I shall see to it, Kar'niz."

"Nellar... I love you..."

"As do I, my love."

It was then that the glow from Kar'niz's eyes left. With trembling hands, he removed the necklace given to her, and placed it on his own neck.

After burying her, Nellar sat near her grave in silent meditation for some time. Then, after he was in the shuttle, he thought back to the horrid scene of his beloved's murder, unable to cleanse the image from his mind.

"Scum", he mumbled angrily. "Terran scum. All of them! Nothing but murderous, vile, scum!" Looking down at the necklace, he gazed into the crystal. "My love, I promise you. I shall avenge your wrongful death, by removing all of the terran scum from existence. This, I promise you, my love."

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